

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.



THERE IS NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

*George Q. Cannon, Editor.*

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# THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

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NO. 15.

## BOMBAY.

THE city of Bombay, a street scene of which we herewith present, is situated on an island of the same name, which lies west of Hindoostan. This island is between eight and eleven miles long by three miles broad and the city occupies the entire south end thereof. The population of this important city, consisting principally of Hindoos but with a goodly number of Mussulmans, Jews, Chinese, Europeans and Africans intermixed, numbered in 1872 over six hundred and forty-four thousand, and its growth has been gradual since that time.

That part of the city called "the Fort" lies on the inner or harbor side of Bombay. Here are situated the ware-houses, exchange, counting houses and docks, but not the dwellings. This part is only inhabited for about six hours in the day—from ten in the morning until four in the afternoon during which times everyone seems to be engaged in trading. The various peoples of the earth are then represented in these marts of commerce and a strange mixture it is. Adjoining "the Fort" on the south is the European quarters of the manifold city of Bombay, and is occupied by magnificent residences and flower gardens; while about a mile to the north is the much larger "Black Town," with the esplanade, the barracks and the railway terminus between. Still farther north is the Portuguese quarter, known as "Mazagon."

The buildings seen in the accompanying engraving appear to be substantial and of a style of architecture which is best suited to that climate and not at all displeasing to us. In fact the whole city is well built with spacious streets, fine public and

mercantile buildings, and with many modern improvements found in European capitals. But in walking through various parts of the city the eye is greeted with sights which are anything but agreeable—sights which only such a place can furnish: beggars of almost every nationality, so dirty that they seem to have almost turned to dust before death; fakirs, armed with daggers or other instruments of torture with which they wound themselves apparently in the most reckless manner; half-naked workmen and dirty curbstone shop keepers, who by their constant clattering strive to get custom. Besides these one meets

the Parsees—fire-worshippers—who were driven out of Persia over one thousand years ago, when the Persian empire became subject to Mohammedan rule, and who are some of the most industrious and influential citizens of the land in which they are still exiles; men who call upon Mohammed and Confucius, upon Krishna and upon Christ; upon Brahma and Zoroaster, and upon Gotama the Buddha.

Rama and Sita—a conglomeration of worshipers found together in no other city on the face of the globe.

There are many places of note in this peculiar city, principal among which are the cathedral, the Elphinstone college, the Hindoo temple of *Momba Dori*, Sir J. Jeejeebhoy's hospital, founded and maintained by the late Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, a Parsee of immense wealth and a prince in enterprise, integrity and liberality, the theatre, the mint and the cotton serews. A very curious institution situated in the most crowded portion of the "Black Town" is worthy of special mention. It is the hospital established by the peculiar sect



called the Jains, for sick and disabled animals. This sect is characterized by its tenderness for animals of all kinds. The priests eat no animal food whatever; indeed, it is said that they do not eat at all after noon for fear the insects then abounding should fly into their mouths and unknowingly be crushed. They also move about with a piece of muslin tied over their mouths to avoid the same catastrophe, and carry with them a soft brush with which they remove from a spot on which they are about to sit any insect that might be thereby injured or killed.

In the hospital one sees animals of every size and kind receiving treatment at the hands of faithful attendants for their various afflictions. Sore-eyed ducks are treated; blind crows are fed; animals with broken limbs are carefully nursed, and there is no living thing, excepting perhaps man, which will not receive attention here for its mishaps; in fact it is said by a visitor that "should a gnat break his shoulder-blade, the attendants would, if possible, put his wing in a sling."

Favorably situated for foreign trade and with a harbor unequalled for safety in all India, Bombay has grown in importance very rapidly of late years. Its healthfulness, too, has caused many people from foreign countries to permanently locate within or near the city.

The principal exports are cotton, grain, opium, shawls, ivory and gum. Its imports, piece-goods, metals, wine, tea and raw silk.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

**F**ORTY-TWO members of the House of Representatives voted against the passage of the Edmunds bill in March, 1882. They all declared that they considered it a violation of the principles of the constitution and of American liberty. They preferred risking their re-election to voting for such a bill. They showed their honesty by their votes. Many more of the same party entertained the same views respecting this bill but had not the courage to do as their fellow members did, for they thought it would be flying in the face of their constituents and that it would result in their political death. This vote shows the feeling of many of the best and soundest Democrats in the country upon the questions involved in the Edmunds law. We had the right to expect that when a Democratic administration came into power it would take a somewhat similar view, at least that it would not take the view that the Republican party has taken of this measure. But Republican ideas have had full sway in this Territory. The Democratic view has not found any expression. If Grover Cleveland had been a Republican, the Republican ideas respecting this law could not have been more rigidly carried out. Have we not cause to be disappointed? I think so, though I have not entertained very sanguine views as to any relief that would come to us through the change of administration. I have thought that we had a right to expect officials sent among us who would treat us with some degree of fairness. Thus far this hope has not been realized. There is one Democrat holding office in the Territory, who has apparently adopted as extreme views of the Edmunds law and its design as Edmunds himself could wish the most bitter Republican to do. The fact is the administration does not understand this question.

Notwithstanding the efforts that have been made to get a hearing there seems to be dense ignorance prevailing in administration circles. There is only one man in the administration who has ever been West—that is the vice-President. The President himself and no member of the Cabinet has been in the West and their ideas respecting affairs here are derived from newspaper reports.

We have an illustration of this ignorance in the order said to have emanated from the President to General Howard to keep troops in readiness throughout his department to repress any outbreak that might occur during the celebration of Pioneer day, the 24th of July. Of course it is not fair to pronounce judgment in a case of this kind upon the evidence of telegraphic reports, as they are notoriously unreliable; but if it be true that President Cleveland has taken this step he has been guilty of a most gross blunder. If there is anything upon which the Democratic party has prided itself it has been upon its opposition to the use of troops by the government. Ever since the war it has been an unceasing cause of complaint against the Republican party because of its readiness to resort to the use of the military. But in no instance that I am acquainted with was there ever less ground for its use than in Utah at this proposed celebration.

When the proposition was made to have the Sunday school children meet in the Tabernacle and have singing it was thought by the First Presidency of the Church that a more innocent, simple and inoffensive method of celebrating the 24th could not be adopted. No one could take exception, it was thought, to such a plan for celebrating that day. But it seems that somebody has perceived rebellion in this movement, therefore the troops must be ordered to be in readiness. It might be thought that every man in the United States who had children would have sense enough to perceive that there could be nothing serious contemplated in such a celebration, because if insurrection or riot were intended parents would never select their children for such a purpose or place them in a position where they would be in jeopardy. The day is not far distant, I believe, when if this order has been actually issued, it will be laughed at as most ridiculous.

There have been a few times in our history when it has seemed that the devil has had extraordinary power over the hearts of the children of men in making them believe the most absurd stories about us. A whirlwind of lies at such times has swept over the entire country. This was the case at the time Buchanan sent his army out here. So also at the passage of the Edmunds law. It appears also to be the condition of feeling in the country at the present time. The most absurd and unlikely stories are believed respecting us. Lies travel with wonderful rapidity, and we have the illustration of the old proverb, that a lie will travel a league while truth is putting on its boots.

What course shall we pursue? I know of nothing better than to maintain our courage, be patient, put our trust in the Lord and leave Him to manage this whole affair. If this Church and its future success depended upon any men we might have cause to fear. It is not our Church in that sense; it is the Lord's. He will take care of it, for He has promised to do so. All there is for us to do is to be diligent in the performance of every duty, and repose implicit confidence in His power to bring us through safely. This is not the time for Latter-day Saints to be timid or faint-hearted. The devil will threaten and make a great bluster, and try and frighten everybody into compliance with his wishes. These are his tactics and ever have been, but the Lord will show him and the world

that His wisdom is greater than the cunning of the devil, and He will bring His people through despite the opposition of earth and hell.

The death of General Grant caused the postponement of the children's jubilee on the 24th. The troops will, therefore, be relieved from the duty of guarding against insurrection or outbreak on the part of the Sunday schools.

## THE 24th OF JULY.

BY L. K. YOUNG.

*Characters: Henry, David, Cecil, Amy.*

*Henry.*—It is not time for the procession to form. Let us sit down in this shady place and rest a while.

*Cecil.*—I have been thinking as we came along about the 24th, I hardly know what we celebrate it for.

*David.*—It is the anniversary of the entrance of this people into Utah.

*Amy.*—Yes, it was on the 24th of July, 1847, that the Pioneers arrived in Salt Lake valley.

*H.*—I can imagine how pleased they were to find a resting place with a prospect of living for a time in peace.

*C.*—Why could they not live in peace where they were?

*D.*—Because their enemies would not let them.

*A.*—They were mobbed, and driven from their homes several times, and many lost their lives through persecution.

*H.*—Many were killed—murdered in cold blood—besides those who died in consequence of the persecution through which they passed.

*C.*—I don't see how coming to Utah helped them, for they are persecuted here.

*D.*—They are now. But they were not molested for ten years after they located in Utah. That gave the people time to grow in wisdom, strength and numbers, and the Church to become more fully established. And now we are better prepared to withstand the attacks of our enemies.

*C.*—I thought this was a free country, where everyone could worship God in his own way.

*D.*—It would be if everybody lived according to constitutional laws, but wicked men have changed and made laws wherewith to accomplish their evil designs.

*A.*—But they will not accomplish what they want to, for they would like to overthrow the kingdom of God.

*H.*—We are told that this Church was established no more to be overthrown.

*C.*—What harm have this people done that we should be treated so badly?

*H.*—It is not because of our wickedness that we are troubled. But Satan knows if this Church is fully established that his reign will cease and Jesus will reign triumphant, and he will not give up without a struggle.

*D.*—I don't think he will succeed in bringing about our destruction no matter how hard he may try.

*C.*—They say if we would cease the practice of plural marriage they would let us alone.

*A.*—They would not do it for it is the work of God they are trying to break down, and not one principle only.

*D.*—That is true, for they were just as bad before that principle was made known to the Church.

*H.*—If our parents would be as wicked and corrupt as the world generally they would not be thus persecuted.

*D.*—I would rather see them go to prison than to live as our enemies do, and it is no disgrace to go to prison for serving the Lord.

*C.*—How is it that the Lord permits His people to be persecuted by the wicked?

*H.*—It is through trials and persecutions that we will be cleansed and purified from sin and iniquity, for none but the pure in heart will be able to stand firm through all the troubles and trials that are in store for the faithful.

*D.*—The Lord will have a tried people, and He sends our trials in His own way. If He gave us the privilege of choosing for ourselves, I think we would make them rather light.

*A.*—After we are proven and have stood firm in all the trials we are called to pass through, we will receive our reward from the Lord, and I think we will feel well paid for all we have suffered.

*D.*—We find there are some who turn traitor to their religion rather than face the prison walls. Such men will not be thought much of even by our enemies, but those who are true to their religion, and go to prison rather than forsake their families and their God, will be held in respect, more than the coward and traitor, even by those who do not believe as we do.

*C.*—Well, I have learned several things by having this little talk. If we would spend more of our time in this way it would be better for us than to play so much.

*H.*—Well let us, if we are children, learn to be true and faithful to every trust, and try to do something towards building up the kingdom of God on the earth. There is a great work to be done, and if we prepare ourselves we will find plenty of opportunities to do good.

PRESCOTT, THE HISTORIAN.—Mr. Prescott, the historian, was one of the gayest and most sociable of men. His ready humor and exuberant spirits and genial manner made him a general favorite in society, and no one seemed to feel a warmer interest in the common matters of social life. An intimate friend says of him, "I never knew a person who had so much capacity for enjoyment; and I never knew one who had a greater love for it." To a common observer he might have appeared a worldly man, wholly absorbed in social pleasures, and enjoying the present hour, as if life had no graver duties.

But it is well known that he had an iron will, was an industrious literary worker, and surmounted obstacles that would have appalled ordinary men. It is not so well known, however, that behind this gaiety lay concealed a profound and earnest religious spirit. For thirty years he was in the habit of devoting one hour of every Sabbath to an unsparing self-examination. In this hour he reviewed carefully the whole week, from its first hour to its last.

"He ought," says the same friend, "by this investigation, to know where he had been wrong or weak; what purpose needed to be strengthened, or what new resolution to be formed, that the past might throw a guiding light on the future. I regard this as one of the causes of his continued improvement, of his unfaltering progress, in all his relations, as a scholar, or to his family, to his friends, and to society."

OUR own heart, and not other men's opinions, forms our true honor.



## HANNAH, AND HER BABY AND HUSBAND.

BY KENNON.

### CHAPTER XI.

WHILE the devoted wife was waiting with impatient hope, stirring events were happening at the prison. The plot had been matured; and on the night following Hannah's departure, it was to be executed. Rupert was in a fever of fear. He dreaded the event of each moment. To be pardoned before the consummation of the plan would, upon discovery, direct the suspicion of his comrades against him. He knew that many of them were of that desperate temper which hesitates at no means to gain a revengeful end. So long as one of his sworn associates should live he would be in danger of being murdered. On the other hand, to remain and be captured with them would make his pardon so manifestly a purchase price that he would have no hope of leaving the prison except in a coffin.

He was ruminating upon these things as he walked in the court a few hours before the time for the attempt. He strolled along under the shadow of the outer wall which overlooked the brawling river by which it had been intended that the escape should be made. Several of the trusted or better class convicts were at the top of this broad, high wall laying stone under the direction of a mason, to repair some slight damage which had been sustained. During these repairs it had been forbidden to the prisoners to walk in that immediate vicinity because of the danger. But Thorndyke was too much engrossed to remember the caution. He was only recalled to a sense of the risk he was running, by hearing a guard cry from a far sentry box in an angle of the court, "Hi, there. Prisoner get out of the way. You'll be killed if you're not careful."

Rupert looked about quickly, saw that the warning was directed to him, and was about to spring away from the wall. But he was too late. A large stone which would weigh half a hundred pounds, came tumbling off the edge of the wall. It grazed Thorndyke's head, and the corner of it struck his shoulder a smashing blow. With a scream of pain, he fell senseless. A dozen people, guards, turnkeys and convicts ran to pick him up. He was carried into the sick ward and a guard was dispatched for the prison surgeon. He came and upon examination found that the left shoulder blade and the arm were broken and badly crushed. It took two hours to set the bones and thoroughly bandage the wounds, during which time Rupert only had two or three slight lucid intervals, when he called "Oh, Hannah, Hannah, and I thought to see you so soon!"

Several of the convicts had remained with him—apparently out of sympathy, but really to learn if he revealed anything in his delirium. This moaning speech of Rupert's, would have been fatal to him if its significance had been understood. But his fellows thought it referred to the projected escape; and, as no attention seemed to be paid to it by any of the jail officials, the listening convicts breathed easy.

At last, the surgeon's task was completed, and everybody, except one guard and a convict, who was required to act as nurse and watcher, was ordered from the ward. This prisoner was one of the plotters, and he objected to remaining. He

had no choice, however, and his associates were not sorry to see him stay. They felt sure that his presence would prevent any indiscrete revelations upon the wounded man's part.

One hour later the attempt was made as it had been planned. Of course, it failed. When the moment came to overpower the guards, the ringleaders among the convicts made the opening assault. But they were suddenly stopped by the appearance of an extra force of twenty armed men, under the direction of Warden Butler. These new guards leveled their guns upon the assailants; and the other attendants and turnkeys proceeded to iron the more desperate of the convicts. Resistance was useless. The well-laid plot was an utter failure. The convicts never learned how they had been betrayed.

For several days Rupert lay very ill in the prison cot. He was wild to see his wife, knowing how intense would be her anxiety. One morning Butler appeared, and said:

"Young man, I am going to take you home. It's a tough ride, but the doctor says you'll fret yourself to death here. And now, I must say one word to you. If you ever get back to this place as a prisoner, I hope it will be for life. Try to be a man. Your little woman is one of the best I ever saw. Be as good to her as she deserves."

"There is an easy ambulance out here; your full pardon is in my pocket; and before noon I will start with you to Boulder."

\* \* \* \* \*

The hours of waiting had been like weeks of sickness to Hannah; and even Old Si Whopscott had grown nervous and depressed. One night, when they were sitting in gloomy anxiety, Warden Butler appeared at their door. Hannah started up in affright. But he reassured her.

"It's all right now, Mrs. Thorndyke. Don't worry any more. I have brought your husband with me. He has met with a slight accident, and if this old party will lend me a hand we will get him in without trouble."

Half an hour later Hannah was sitting by Rupert and holding his hand as he lay upon her bed; while the two gruff old men were smoking their pipes and talking like bosom friends.

It took Thorndyke many weeks to recover. His wife nursed him with most loving care; and all the expenses were paid by Whopscott without a word of complaint. During the tedious sickness there was much opportunity for reflection and self-examination. Rupert at last came to a fixed resolution. One day in his convalescence, when the husband and wife had walked out to the grave of their little baby, he knelt by the green mound, and said:

"Hannah, I must be honest—now and always. I must be manly and less undeserving of you. I have been a deceiver to you. My name ever has been a lie. I am plain Robert Thompson. Don't look so horrified, dear. There are no serious consequences behind this confession. I did not like the common-place 'Bob,' so I changed my name for a more aristocratic one. But our marriage is valid. I learned before the ceremony was performed that the use of a fictitious name would not affect the legality. I could not do you the base wrong of deceiving you in that respect."

In the weeks which followed Hannah became restored to hope. Her father took kindly to "Robert Thompson," but smiled grimly when he heard of the change of name. When Robert was entirely recovered he said to Whopscott:

"Dad, don't you want to hire a teamster? Whenever you do, I'm ready for you."

The old man was astounded. He had expected no such pluck from his son-in-law. But he said little. He employed Bob in the business, and found him patient, industrious and trustworthy. Nobody in Boulder knew the assistant of Si Whopscott. Since the days of "Rupert Thorndyke," the population had shifted and quadrupled.

More than two years have passed. Hannah and her father and husband are happy and prosperous. There is a little Si. Bob would not permit him to have another name; and much against Whopscott's wish, Hannah had the boy so christened.

They never hear from Samantha. And this is a source of great joy to the old man, and indeed to the whole family. The only one of their old acquaintances that they ever see is Mr. Butler. He visits them on every possible occasion. He admires Hannah more than ever; he is Bob's staunch friend; he is Whopscott's confidante; and it is difficult to tell which one of the two gruff old men little Si has the most affection for.

THE END.

## GIBRALTAR.

### LETTER XII.

#### MISSIONARY EXPERIENCE.

SOON after my arrival in Gibralt'ar, a Mr. Smith invited me to take dinner with him, at which time he wept with joy for the pleasure it gave him, to eat with a son of one with whom he had enjoyed himself many times over twenty-six years before, in the good, old Methodist church. "Why," said he, "your father helped build our good, old church; and used to play the bass viol in the choir, too. Yes, and he sold his property to me for one hundred dollars less than its real value. Can it be possible that you, a minister so well-versed in the good old Bible, the blessed Bible, have come back to us all the way from the land of America—a son of my good old Christian friend, Joseph Stephenson! It seems like a dream. You will doubtless preach for us in the church your good, old Christian father helped to build."

"Yes, Father Smith," I replied, "I am truly his son, and have come from Utah—over 8,000 miles away from my home, about one-third of the way around this world we now occupy. I have left my dear family, and have come as a true minister of the everlasting gospel of Jesus, as did His ancient disciples of old—without purse or scrip. And I assure you Father Smith, it would afford me the greatest pleasure to have the privilege of speaking to my friends in the meeting house where memories arise like green spots in a desert, afresh in my memory, of the good things and favorable impressions made on my mind at the Sabbath schools I used to attend twenty-six years ago. I can well remember the time, although only seven years old, when my mother used to put on my white pinafore, and nicely blackened shoes, and my father bowed down and prayed to the Lord in that house he sold you. I feel to bless them for setting my feet in my youthful days in a Christian life and for the good that I received in this Sabbath school. But my father now sleeps with those who have passed behind the veil, he died when I was but eleven years of age.

"At the age of thirteen, I heard Joseph Smith, the Prophet, preach by the power of the Holy Ghost. He related the

heavenly vision with which he was favored; I had a witness of the truth that he had told, although I was not baptized until some time later.

"I will now relate to you a vision I had. I saw in a very nice, green spot every one who had joined this new Church. They were all dressed in white robes. A messenger, and the only stranger to me, stood by my side. I was the only one who was without the snow-white robe, and this very much amazed me. I asked why this was so, he replied, 'Look! do you see one here who has not been baptized or come in at the door?'

"But I believe as well as do those."

"You have not yet come in at the door!"

"This was sufficient for me. I was soon baptized, and was made to rejoice with a testimony of the message which has brought me to this far-off land.

"Many old friends have received and treated me courteously, but the minister not only closed the church doors against me, but himself and some of his co-religionists began to circulate many falsehoods against the truth of the gospel, and the love of many waxed cold."

I thus bore my testimony to the truth, but my father's good old friend closed his house against me and turned as cool as he was warm at first. He became abusive to the servants of God. I told him the consequence of his rejecting the light that he had already acknowledged, and for turning me—a servant of God, from his door, and that the hand of the Lord would speedily follow him to his sorrow.

His wife was reading the Book of Mormon privately, and was with some of the children believing. It was but a short time before Father Smith was stricken and was confined not only to his house, but to his bed. Some time after his wife called my attention to his condition and humiliation. He was not expected to live. Soon after he desired to see me and said if the Lord would only spare his life, he would serve Him better than he ever had done.

I told him that the Lord brought down and raised up; that if he desired to recover and serve Him faithfully, he should get well and the Lord would raise him up to better health. In a few days I was invited to take dinner with him and pray with the family. He was up and around reading, and a very great change had come to him and his house. He was, however, too good to endure, and he shortly burned up some copies of the Church paper and pamphlets, and forbade me to enter his house again. I of course left my testimony, telling him the consequences of his actions. I told him it would now be worse than ever with him. The poor man was very soon again confined to his bed, but not long this time, for he soon died. His family decided to go to England where they said they intended to obey the gospel.

On the 23rd of January, 1854, I had the pleasure of organizing a branch of the Church consisting of ten members, ordaining one Elder and one Priest. We partook of the sacrament and had a joyful time. The branch was named Rock Port Branch of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

RATHER do what is nothing to the purpose than be idle—that the devil may find thee doing. The bird that sits may easily be shot, while flyers escape the fowler. Idleness is the Dead Sea that swallows all the virtues, and the self-made sepulchre of a living man.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MISSION.

BY J. W.

(Continued from page 214.)

AFTER attending to conference business at Leeds, I went to Bradford. I found there an interest particularly in temperance circles, to learn more about Utah and the "Mormons." This interest had been awakened by a certain Doctor Lee, who had been to Utah and lectured in Salt Lake City, on temperance or total abstinence. On his return to England, he spoke about the "Mormons" in Utah, as follows:

"I found in Utah, especially in the country towns, almost an absence of liquor saloons. In consequence of this, men spend their time and earnings with and on their families at their homes; and as a result, I found that ninety per cent. of that people own the houses they occupy, and the lands they cultivate. Now if such great results as these can be accomplished by the practice of temperance in connection with a delusive religion, what may we not expect from temperance principles in connection with a true Christianity!"

It being considered a great thing in England for a working man to own even a house, to say nothing about a farm, the doctor's description of Utah naturally awakened an interest in his hearers to learn more about Utah and the "Mormons."

There was a lecture room in connection with the temperance hotel, where the doctor had spoken, and in this room a large circle of temperance people met, who were in the habit of inviting itinerant speakers to address them on any subject they desired. A Brother S—, who had been to Utah, occasionally visited this house. On one occasion he took me to the temperance house. There were present some of the leading men of the society, Brother S— introduced me, and a pleasant conversation ensued. Brother S— so guided the conversation that it resulted in an invitation to me to give a lecture in the temperance room on "Utah and its institutions." I accepted, and the appointment was made for a Sunday evening.

No sooner had I agreed to the arrangement than I began to realize my weakness. The subject was new to me. I had never heard the subject discussed by any Elder, and the idea of speaking on it there, while it troubled me, did not make me feel like backing out. In the intervening time I gave the best thought I could to the matter. As the time drew nigh I felt more troubled than ever, but on the Sunday morning I had a dream that had a very comforting and assuring effect on my mind. I thought I saw the streets of Bradford flooded with very turbid and dirty water. I was with the Saints. I thought they had to go to work, and on account of the flood, had to take a boat to get to their place of labor. I offered to go with them and help manage the boat. I told the sisters they had better not go, as there might be danger of getting wet. We started, I standing in the stern and guiding the boat. On arriving at the place it seemed to be a very old, and tall building, but constructed of timber and mud, and of a very rickety appearance. There seemed to be no entrance to it, and the turbid waters seemed raging and tearing around it. I said to the brethren, "I do not see how you can work here, you cannot get in, and besides the old place is dangerous and might be washed away." I saw in my dream a little way off a new building, one story high, with a landing place in front. I

said, "There you can land, and there you might work until the floods go down." I thought we went back and forth in the boat about four times, when the flood seemed to go down, and only a small stream of clear water was running among the stones of the street.

I awoke and was impressed that the dream had a meaning. As I lay pondering on it the interpretation the angel gave to John flashed across my mind: "The waters thou sawest are peoples and nations, kindreds and tongues," etc. Then all seemed plain and clear to me. The tall, old, rotten buildings, to which we could find no entrance, represented the churches of the day, to which we were not admitted, and which at the present time are surrounded by a flood of popular clamor—the church being the minister's work-shop—the one-story building of more recent construction signified the temperance house, and the platform or landing, the opportunity we had of laboring there. Our going there until the floods passed and the waters ran clear, indicated to me, the removal of prejudice, and the clearing of the stream, a favorable result of our labors. My telling the sisters to stay at home, corresponded to the fact, that it was not the custom of the ladies to attend at the temperance room, and the four trips we made corresponded to the number of lectures I gave there (but of course I did not know of this until afterwards).

The encouragement I experienced as a result of my dream was perhaps more than was justified, but it was beneficial to me. I did not tell the Saints of my appointment, not wishing to draw them away from our own chapel. When the time of meeting came I found the house crowded to its utmost capacity. I was introduced by the chairman in a neat speech setting forth their wish to learn of Utah, and its people—the "Mormons," and of my ability to gratify them, as far as my long residence there could give me that ability.

I arose feeling very weak and timid. I opened by telling them that such a congregation as I found assembled, might expect to be addressed by an orator or at least a professional speaker which I was not, hence as to my manner of speech, I did not invite criticism, but asked their indulgence, but as to what I should tell them, I asked no favors, as I did not expect to tell them anything but what I knew or well understood. I had no disposition to evade any part of the subject as announced, but was willing to give it the fullest consideration time would permit. I commenced by describing the "Mormons" at the time of their exodus from Nauvoo, and the journey across the plains, the country as it was on their arrival, and as it was then (1875) as proven by the published statistics. I described our manner of irrigating as well as I could to them, and then proceeded to speak of our co-operative institutions. I occupied a little over half an hour on these branches of the subject, the audience listening with great attention, and seeming interested in my descriptions.

I then came to our marriage system and showed that the adoption of the principle of a plurality of wives was not the outgrowth of lustful desires, for if such were the object sought, our passions and appetites could be gratified with much less expense. This theory being exploded, I proceeded to view it as a principle of right. I showed that the question What is right? especially as defined by law, varies in all countries, and has varied in all times. "In England, I said, "it is considered a great crime for a poor man to kill a hare, and the punishment for doing it is equal to that inflicted for stealing a horse; but in Utah hares are a nuisance, and often do great damage, and we consider the men our friends who kill



them. Hence it is clear that even law, (that often changes) cannot be taken as a sure guide of right. But we must look to a higher source than human law, even to God the Supreme Ruler of all, as to one who never changes, but who is in every age the same. And if it can be shown that He ever had commanded or sanctioned polygamy it must be right."

I quoted considerable scripture on this point, but dwelt most particularly on the passage, "I, (God) gave thee (David) thy master's wives, etc." (*II. Samuel xii. 8*). Now if God ever gave any man a plurality of wives, for us to say that the system was wrong or sinful, was the same as for erring man to charge an unerring God with sin. Hence from a moral point of view, or as a principle of right, polygamy could not be condemned.

I then considered the matter socially and physically, endeavoring to prove that no law of God, or righteous law of man prohibited the practice of this principle. In this manner I occupied another hour and then closed. I spoke very freely and did not once refer to the notes I had prepared to assist me.

The chairman arose and said: "We have heard a deal about polygamy that is new to us. I am willing to admit, that the 'lust theory' has been exploded to my satisfaction, and also many plausible and forcible reasons given in favor of polygamy. There is one thing I must mention to the speaker, and that is the custom of the house, to permit reasonable questions to be asked of all who speak here and I hope the present speaker will not object."

I answered, "Certainly not." A man then asked, "Do you recommend polygamy for universal practice?"

I replied, "No, it never was so intended. Its general practice even in England would not be possible, where it is generally acknowledged that the more children a man has the worse off he is. But in a country where men live direct on the bosom of mother earth, as the old patriarchs did, and with no middle men to come between them and their food supply there such a system is possible; and such a country is Utah."

Many more questions were asked, and answered. A member then arose and after a short complimentary speech moved that a vote of thanks be given me with the request that I deliver another lecture in the near future. The motion was carried unanimously. The subject for the next lecture was the "Rise and progress of the Church," and two weeks from that date was appointed for its delivery.

The congregation was just commencing to disperse when a man got up and said, there was a question he would like to ask, but would not press an answer, if it was deemed improper. It was, should a woman desire more husbands than one? One arose and said the question was not proper. Another said he was ashamed that one of the congregation should ask such a question after what they had heard, and said I would be justified in not answering it. At this the questioner apologized, but I arose and said I was willing to answer if they were willing to hear, and on expressing the desire for me to do so I said, "We do not believe that any true woman can desire more than one husband. Marriage was ordained of God. The object of marriage, as stated at the time of the creation was, 'Be fruitful, multiply and replenish the earth.' A plurality of wives would help accomplish that object. A plurality of husbands would defeat it."

The questioner said he was fully satisfied with the answer. I then left the hall feeling thankful that I had been able to

fill the appointment, as well as I had, and rejoicing that the way seemed opened to reach at least a few with the warning voice. For here I saw a chance of introducing other subjects that would more fully explain the divine mission of Joseph Smith in this last dispensation.

### REPAIRING AN ACCIDENT.

MANY of our readers are doubtless familiar with the anecdote of Newton and his pet dog, Diamond. After the publication of his great work, the "Principia," Newton turned his attention to chemistry, spending a long time in its study, and writing out his observations and discoveries. One day, when the philosopher was at church, Diamond turned over a lighted candle, which set fire to all the papers on which his work was written.

When Sir Isaac returned and found the charred heap, he exclaimed, with admirable self-command, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond, thou little thinkest the mischief thou hast done!" But the philosopher's grief at the loss of his work is said to have affected his brain, for though he lived forty years after the accident, and published several editions of his works, he never made any more great discoveries.

We have recalled the incident in order to contrast its effect with the influence of a similar accident on an American jurist.

In 1821, the legislature of Louisiana elected Edward Livingston to revise the entire system of criminal law of the State. Accepting the trust, he gave himself for two years to the preparation of a code of criminal law, in both the French and English languages. He had given the final touches to the manuscript. A copy for the printer had been made, fifty or sixty pages of which were in his hands.

One night Mr. Livingston sat up to one o'clock to finish the task of comparing the two papers. He retired to rest, and in two or three hours was awakened by the cry of fire. He rushed to the writing-room, where it had broken out, to find both draught and copy of his code reduced to ashes. Great was his dismay, though outwardly the serenity of his demeanor was unruffled. He soothed his wife and daughter, who were in the greatest distress at the loss, and the night after the accident sat up until three o'clock, working to reproduce the burnt code. He was then sixty years of age, but in two years he had completed the reproduction of his great work, of which an English jurist said that it showed Livingston to be "the first legal genius of modern times."

CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS.—Great generals, like Napoleon and Wellington, have been noted for their attention to the details of army life. Their success was owing, in a good degree for their care for little things. Great merchants and financiers know the importance of guarding against little leakages, which bring failure to important enterprises.

A good story is told of Lord Althorpe. On one occasion he was looking over the accounts of an agricultural society before signing his name as president. He detected an error of three pence in the balance sheet, and refused to sign the statement until the error was corrected. He spent four hours in going over the account again to remove the error, saying to a friend, "One three-pence will swell into a hundred pounds next year, if we neglect it." It is important for young people to be thorough in little things, for if this habit is formed it will contribute much to their success in life.

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 1, 1885.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



HERE seems to be a determination on the part of our enemies, not only in this Territory, but in the surrounding Territories, to take every advantage of the Latter-day Saints. Our enemies feel they are justified, by the public opinion which has been created against us, in stripping us of every right, and, where possible, in plundering us of our property. The course which has been taken by the government in permitting its officials to pursue us vindictively in the courts encourages thieves and villains of every class to do all in their power to injure us. This is a bad example for a government to set to its citizens, but it is exactly what our government is doing in our case at the present time. There is no breach of law, no violation of right on the part of courts and officials in either of the three Territories of Idaho, Utah and Arizona that has called forth the least censure, much less condemnation, from the government. How far our enemies will be permitted to go in their attacks upon us through the machinery of the courts we cannot say. But one may question, in view of that which has taken place, whether there are any lengths that will be considered too far, or whether if the courts should sentence "Mormons" to death, any word of disapproval of such acts would be heard from the department of justice at Washington.

We hear that in Arizona a lot of thieves are doing their best to steal the property of the Latter-day Saints by jumping their lands. They say that they are determined to drive out the "Mormons" from that part of the Territory. In Idaho they have not jumped land that we have heard of, but have endeavored, by the passage of unconstitutional laws and application of test oaths, to deprive the members of our Church of their political rights.

It appears as if Latter-day Saints were likely to have their faith tested as it has not been for very many years. We have had a long period of peace. We have grown and multiplied and increased in wealth until a generation has grown up who have scarcely had any experience in the trials and difficulties which the Church had to encounter before coming to these valleys. Many have seemed to imbibe the idea that they can be Latter-day Saints and mingle with, and love the world; that they can hold the gospel in one hand and the world in the other. This idea, of course, is entirely opposed to all the teachings of the Savior and His apostles. Upon no subject has there been more explicit teaching to the Church of Christ than upon this. No lessons have been more impressively enforced than that men could not love God and mammon—that they must choose between the Lord and the world.

There will have to be, on our part as individuals and as a people, a thorough reformation upon many points. If these attacks upon us continue for any great length of time the faith

of many will be tried. The hypocrite and the ungodly will perhaps see but little inducement to continue Latter-day Saints and thus they may be cleansed from the Church. The true Saints who have in their hearts a genuine love of the truth, but who may have become careless respecting their duties will be awakened from their lethargy and will be driven closer to the Lord. The line between the faithful and the unfaithful, the true Saint and the hypocrite, will be drawn so sharply that there will be, to some extent at least, a separation of these classes.

In the providence of our God, it is absolutely necessary from time to time that these results should be brought about. If it were not so, the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints would be overloaded with members unworthy of a standing therein, and the result would be disastrous. But by passing through times of trial and of difficulty—times that look dark and unpromising—the Church is cleansed, and those who are unworthy of a standing fall away. It has been truly said that the wheat and the tares shall grow together until the harvest, but still there is a weeding process going on continually. The tares are being plucked up. If it were not so they would overpower the wheat. The final separation, however, will not come until the great harvest spoken of:

We notice that Joseph Smith, who has been endeavoring for many years to destroy the work, of which his father, the great Prophet of this last dispensation was, in the hands of God, the founder, has come to this city. He doubtless has come with the hope to be successful in gathering up the disaffected and the faithless. He has thought it a good time to reach the people of this class, and thereby swell the number of his organization. It is a strange business for any man to engage in—to be a scavenger in gathering up the offal and refuse—that which is thrown off as unclean and impure by a healthy organization, and especially so for one bearing his name. Yet this is precisely what he is here for. The whole organization with which he is connected is principally composed of apostates, men and women who at various times in the history of the Church have followed pretenders who had no authority to lead, such as Rigdon, Strang, Page, and others. Seeing the Saints, as he supposes, surrounded by difficulties, he has come here ready to avail himself of any advantage that may offer and to seduce from the Church all who will listen to his blandishments and falsehoods. If there are hypocrites and ungodly persons within our organization who will not repent, it is to be hoped that he will have influence enough to draw them off and to relieve us from their society and presence. Such persons as he perform in this way a useful work for the Church. The Lord overrules their acts for the accomplishment of His purposes, but this does not lessen their wickedness nor the condemnation that awaits them. True Latter-day Saints will not be affected by any such influence, but will cling to the iron rod that leads to the tree of life as described in the vision of Lehi.

Nothing could better illustrate the disposition and character of this man and his associates than his and their presence in this Territory at the present time. They have never let an opportunity to injure us pass without seeking to improve it. When there has been a storm threatening us, they have sought to increase its horrors and render it more deadly in its effects. By misrepresentation and falsehood of the most malignant character they have sought to blacken us to the world and create hostile public opinion against us. Not content with this, he himself has gone to Washington and urged, with cruel and hateful purpose, the enactment against the people of Utah, of

laws of the most oppressive and destructive character. Others of his followers have done the same. They did all in their power to have the Edmunds bill become law. Now he comes here to reap, as he hopes, the fruits of their base conduct. He would rejoice to see us broken up and destroyed. Hoping that this may be the result of the present raid, he is here to pick up some more fragmen's to add to the patchwork and fragmentary body he already has. What an employment for his father's son! But what can be expected from a man who has courted the friendship of the people who murdered his father and drove away his father's followers and his own kindred! This he has done. By his life he has led them and the world to infer that he did not blame them for their cruelties to his father and people. He has been apparently satisfied admitted to their society and to be hail fellow with them.

### UNDER THE HAMMER.

VERY sad words are these, betokening often the breaking up of home and families.

I went to such a sale once. Only a day or two before, the head of the household had been laid in the grave. He had been what people call one of the best-hearted men in the world, and only his own enemy. Now he lay in the old churchyard, beside five little children, who had gone to heaven before they had learned to know him.

Only one boy and the widow remained. The woman was one of those pale, patient little creatures, who seem born to endure sorrow and misfortune, but the boy was a brave, manly fellow, to whom his mother clung with an almost worshipful love.

As I entered the little home, I found it full of bargain-hunting people. The widow and her son were still there.

"It's so hard to go!" she whispered, "it's like a second funeral to say good-by to everything. You know I helped furnish the house with the money I made by keeping school. I prized everything I bought. It took on a new color as soon as I felt that it was mine. How I hate to have them all go in this cold, heartless fashion! If I could only afford to give them to those I love, how I should delight in the privilege!"

"Never mind, mamma," said Thaddy, the blue eyed boy, "I'll buy you lots when I grow up, and better than these."

It wasn't the better that she wanted. Every homely stick was dearer to her than the costliest furniture that other money could buy; for she had earned it all by sweet and patient thought, and brightened and beautified it by pretty fancies and tender hopes.

That little worn rocking-chair, in which she had rocked her little children, by which Thaddy had knelt so many times to say his evening prayers; the table at which they had all sat; the worn utensils from which so many little mouths had been fed—these were commonplace, and of little value in the eyes of bargain-hunters, but dear as her heart's best hopes to her.

Some few there were among the company assembled who understood her feelings, or how could the little dented silver mug, or the two plated candlesticks that had belonged to her mother have come into her possession?

A long time elapsed before I saw the widow again. After the sale of her property, she went West among her relatives, and I lost sight of her for nearly fourteen years. One very stormy night, I was riding in the cars, and had a seat all to myself. The conductor, who was a friend, had kindly turned

the back of the seat in front of mine, so that I could rest more pleasantly.

Gradually the car filled, until it would have been selfish for me to keep the two seats longer, and I relinquished one very willingly to a gentleman and his wife, and two little girls.

I was quite struck by the extreme beauty of the wife. She was one of the loveliest women I had ever seen. The children, one under a year, and the other scarcely over two, were as pretty as pictures, and so good and quiet that it made one love them to see them.

The husband was a manly-looking fellow, and I thought to myself that a more beautiful family group could scarcely be found. Apparently they were in easy circumstances, for the wrappings of both parents and children were of good materials and elegantly made.

Nor was I a loser for my readiness in accomodating them, for a basket of the choicest fruit was opened, and I was pressed to take a liberal consignment of the dainties. The young man sat opposite me, the oldest little girl beside him. The wife was my close neighbor, with her little one on her knee. Nor was the lovely stranger inclined to be unsocial.

I learned from her, while the rain beat upon the window, and the tempest literally howled outside, that she had been on a visit to her mother, that she usually went once a year, and several pretty trifling items about the children which mothers love to tell. Suddenly the gentleman leaned forward, and said in an excited voice—

"It cannot be possible that this is Mrs. L——!"

"But it is," I said, smiling at his earnestness, yet wondering.

"I felt sure I had seen and known you. You will remember my mother," he said, giving her name.

I was delighted and astonished. "This, then, is the little Thaddy of so many years ago! Why, I cannot realize it!"

"This is the big Thaddy, twenty-four years old," he replied, his eyes dancing, and then he explained to his wife who I was, and she flattered me not a little by declaring that she felt acquainted with me, for her husband and his mother had often spoken of me.

"You must go home with us," they both said, on learning that I intended to stop at W——, and all I could say to the contrary was of no avail. To make peace, I had at last to promise, and the same carriage took us from the depot to the beautiful home, where, it is needless to say, I seemed like one from another world to the widow who met us on the threshold.

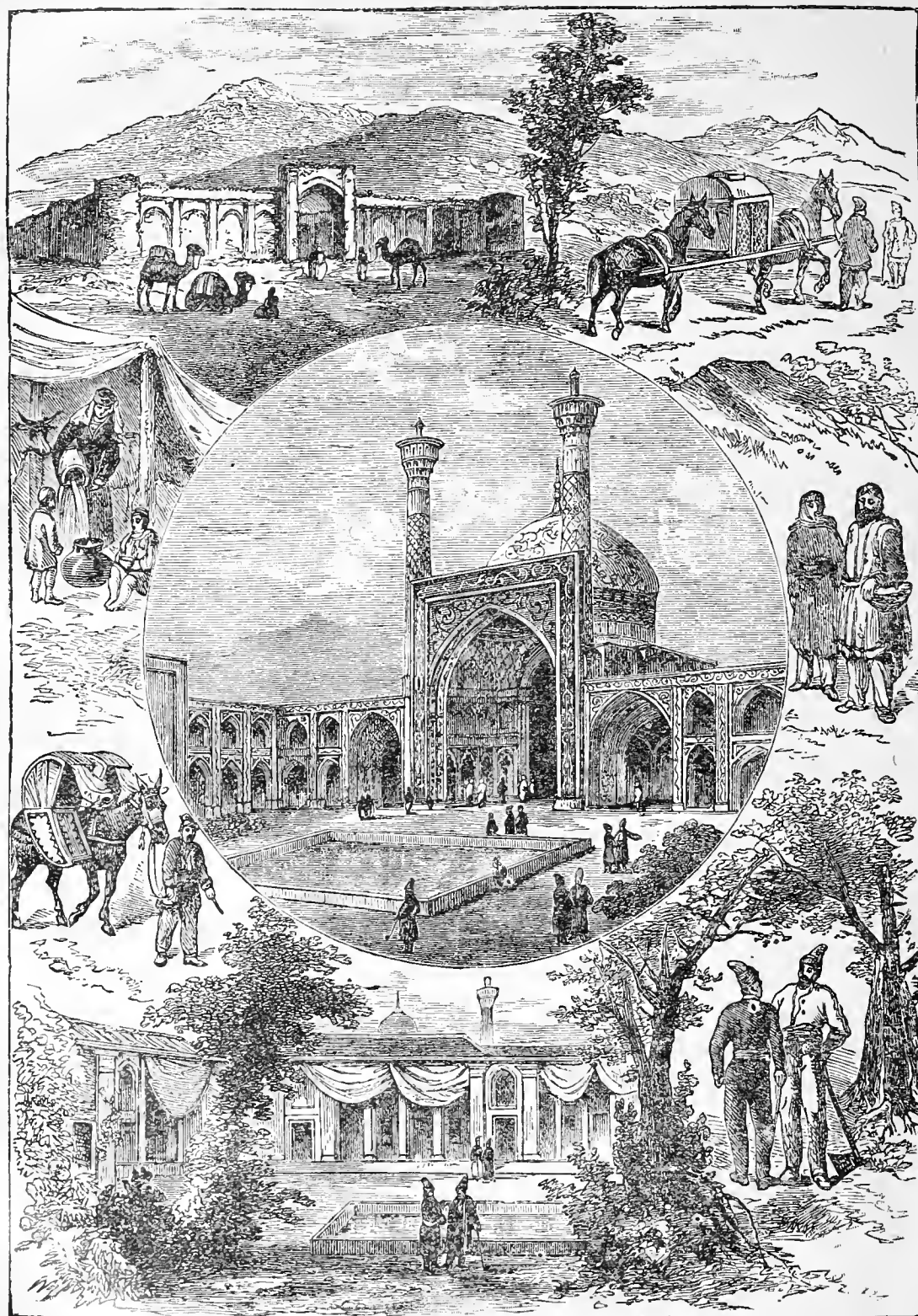
"I have been blessed in my boy," she said, when we at last sat alone together. "He has shown wonderful business ability, and is already a partner in the firm which he entered as a clerk, so that our worldly prosperity seems assured. As you see, he has surrounded me with comforts and luxuries, and I have every reason to thank God for His noble gift of such a son. Come with me a moment."

She opened the door of a large room. In a moment I was transported years back. There stood the quaint little rocking-chair, the old-fashioned table, sofa and chairs—an exact counterpart of the room I had known at her home, before the things were sold under the hammer.

"It was all his doing. He went back, found the owners, redeemed everything at their own price, and you don't know how happy it makes me to come here and sit sometimes, and think of the past."

It was a beautiful and touching incident, and one I shrine in my heart with many a sacred memory which the years have left.

*Selected.*



PERSIA. (See page 235.)



PERSIA.

IN number twelve of the present volume we gave our readers a view of the palace of the "shah" or king of Persia, and a brief description of the ancient architecture of the country. From the accompanying scenes our young friends can gain some idea of the life and habits of the Persian of modern times.

Persia is a country of western Asia that has been occupied for many hundreds of years. As long ago as five hundred years before the coming of Christ, it had attained to an eminent degree of civilization and power. In fact, about that time, during the reign of Cyrus, and while the Prophet Daniel was living there, this empire was at the climax of its greatness. But during the ages that have elapsed since then it has been on the decline. The monuments of its ancient splendor are in ruins, and what was once the capital of the eastern hemisphere—the center of eastern civilization—has long since dwindled down to a condition of little importance among existing nations.

The people that inhabit the country are not above the average Asiatic races in intelligence or attainments. The descendants of the ancient Persians are considerably intermixed with other tribes, while a great part of the present population of the country consists of Turkomans, a few Arabs, Jews and Christians of several denominations.

The inhabitants are divided into two classes, distinguished from each other by their habits of life. One class is settled, and is engaged in agricultural and mechanical pursuits, while the other consists of wandering tribes who have no fixed dwelling places. The total population of the country is estimated at about 4,400,000, of which number 1,700,000 are nomads or wanderers.

The people are described as being dishonest, servile and cunning. Having been long subjected to oppressive rule, and having been driven about by invaders and conquering bands, they have become lost to the more noble traits of character. For hundreds of years the country has been in an unsettled condition. During this time its rulers have endeavored to retain its possessions and sometimes even to add to them, but they have been most unsuccessful. Little by little their possessions have been seized by more powerful nations, until now their dominion is very small when compared to its formerly vast extent.

On account of property being insecure, but few improvements are made. Roads, bridges and other public works are neglected. The houses of both rich and poor are usually built of mud, giving their cities an unattractive appearance. The interior, however, of some of the dwellings of the wealthy are elegantly furnished, and the towns are generally surrounded with beautiful gardens.

The people live in a simple and primitive style. They have no modern contrivances for traveling, or transporting the goods and fabrics they import and export. All such things are done by means of caravans, or by such carts as the one shown in the right, upper corner of the picture.

The Persians manufacture and export silks and satins, cotton and woolen goods, carpets, etc., which they exchange for jewelry, cutlery, fire-arms, glassware, and other things.

The government of the country is despotic and severe, and occasionally an insurrection occurs to prevent the enforcement of extortionate measures. Heavy taxes are levied upon the people in order to meet the expenses of the government which

are considerable. There is no public debt, and when extra expenses occur an extra tax is imposed. But little aid is given to public schools, and education is greatly neglected.

Such a government as that of Persia has a tendency to encourage vagrancy among its subjects, as no lovers of freedom would submit, except by force, to its unyielding demands. Those, therefore, who are of this class, prefer to roam about rather than settle down and till the soil. And although they are regarded as being subject to the "shah," they have their own chiefs, and are mostly independent. E. F. P.

Lesson for the Little Ones.

DARE TO DO.

Dare to do as Adam, God's purposes fulfill;  
Dare to do as Abel, to sacrifice thy will;  
Dare to do as Noah, amid a world of sin;  
Dare to do as Abraham, and God's favor win;  
Dare to do as Isaac, thy father strive to please;  
Dare to be like Jacob, blessed with a good increase;  
Dare to do as Joseph, when tempter would allure;  
Dare to do as Moses, who left a royal floor;  
Dare to do as Samuel, say, "Lord, I hear Thy call;"  
Dare to do as Daniel, no mandate fear at all;  
Dare like the Hebrew children, fire and flame to meet;  
Dare, like the patient Job, your enemies defeat;  
Dare to do as David, the Almighty's foes to shake;  
Dare to do as Esther, your life for friends to stake;  
Dare to do as John, and repentance loudly cry;  
Dare like him and say, "God's judgment draweth nigh;"  
Dare to do like Jesus, the righteous law fulfill;  
Dare like Him, and say, "I come to do Thy will;"  
Dare to say, like Peter, "Thou art the Christ, I'm sure"—  
This rock of revelation forever will endure;  
Dare to be like Mary, who chose the better part;  
And like the good Nathaniel, no guile found in thy heart;  
Dare to do as Paul, run with untiring zeal;  
Dare, like the martyred Stephen, thy testimony seal;  
Dare like the beloved John, through every trying scene—  
"Thy will, O Lord, be done," let ever be thy theme.  
EQUATOR.

"How can you do the most good?" asked a lady of a little girl. "By being myself just as good as I can be," was the wise reply.



## IF I WERE A BOY AGAIN.

AS I look back to my school days I can remember so many failures through not understanding how to avoid them, that I feel compelled, for the love I bear to young boys who mean to *be* and to *do* something by-and-by, to have another plain talk all round. I take it for granted that I am writing for those sensible lads who mean to have their minds keep the best company possible, and never suffer them to go sneaking about for inferiority in anything. To be young is a great advantage, and now is the golden time to store away treasures for the future. I never knew a youth yet who would be willing to say, "I don't mean to get understanding; I don't wish to know much of anything; I have no desire to compare to-day more and better things than I knew yesterday; I prefer, when I grow up, to be an ignorant man, a mere passive wheel in the great machine of the universe." The richest rascal that ever lived never started with the idea in *boyhood* that he would repudiate morals, make money and avoid ideas!

One of the most common of all laments is this one, and I have heard it hundreds of times from gray-headed men in every walk of life, "O, that the lost youth could come back to me, and I could have again the chance for improvement I once had!" What "lucky fellows" you are, to be sure, with the privilege of being about twelve or fifteen years old. Still keeping within your own control those priceless opportunities when the portals of knowledge are standing wide open and inviting you in, and not one adverse spirit daring to hold you back! Don't I wish I could be a boy again! We, who are swiftly stepping westward toward the setting sun, cannot help crying out to you, who are still in the eastern quarter of life, what Horace Mann used to sound in our ears when we were as young as you are, "Orient yourselves."

What we sow in youth we reap in age. The seed of the thistle always produces the thistle! The possibilities that wait upon you who are yet in the spring-time of existence, who are yet holding in your own two hands the precious gift of time, cannot be estimated! Do not forget that a *useless* life is an early death!

I thank Mr. Longfellow for having written the following English lines:

"How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams  
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!  
Book of beginnings, story without end,  
(Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!)  
Aladdin's lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse  
That holds the treasures of the universe!  
All possibilities are in its hands,  
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands:  
In its sublime audacity of faith,  
'Be thou removed!' it to the mountain saith,  
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,  
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud!"

I wonder if any of you, my young friends, ever happened to read of a poor, unhappy old man who stood one New Year's night at the window of his dwelling and thought over all the errors of his youth, what he had neglected to do of good, and what he had committed of evil; how his bosom was filled with remorse, how his desolate soul was wrung as he reflected on the past follies of a long life! The days when he was strong and active wandered about him like ghosts. It was too late to retrieve his lost youth. The grave was waiting for him, and with unspeakable grief he bethought him of the time spent in idleness, of the left-hand road he had chosen which had led

him into ruinous follies and years of slothfulness. Then he recalled the names of his early companions who had selected the right-handed path and were now happy and content in their declining days, having lived the lives of virtuous, studious men, doing the best they were able, in the world. Then he cried to his dead father who had warned him when he was a lad to follow the good and shun the evil pathways of existence, "O father, give me back my lost youth, that I may live a different life from the one I have so long pursued!" But it was too late now to make moan. His father and his youth had gone together! There the poor, bewildered creature stands, blinded with tears, but still beseeching heaven to give him back his youth once more. Few spectacles are more terrible to contemplate than the broken-down figure of that weeping old man, lamenting that he cannot be young again, for then he would lead a life so different from the one he had lived.

But what a thrill of pleasure follows the sad picture we have been contemplating when we are told it was only a fearful dream that a certain young man was passing through a vision only of possible degradation, and that heaven had taken this method of counseling the youth to turn aside from the allurements that might beset his path, and thus be spared the unyielding remorse that would surely take possession of him when he grew to be a man, if he gave way to self-indulgence and those wandering idle ways that lead to error and oftentimes to vice and crime. The misery of a life to be avoided was thus prefigured, and the young man awoke to thank heaven it was only a dream, and resolve so to spend God's great gift of time that no horror, such as he had suffered that night in sleep, should ever arise to haunt his waking hours.

If I were a boy again, one of the first things I would strive to do would be this: I would, as soon as possible, try hard to become acquainted with and then deal honestly with myself, to study up my own deficiencies and capabilities, and I would begin early enough, before faults had time to become habits; I would seek out earnestly all the weak spots in my character and then go to work speedily and mend them with better material; if I found that I was capable of some one thing in a special degree, I would ask counsel on that point of some judicious friend, and if advised to pursue it, I would devote myself to that particular matter, to the exclusion of much that is foolishly followed in boyhood.

If I were a boy again I would practice *perseverance* oftener, and never give a thing up because it was hard or inconvenient to do it. If we want light, we must conquer darkness. When I think of mathematics I blush at the recollection of how often I "caved in" years ago. There is no trait more valuable than a determination to persevere when the right thing is to be accomplished. We are all inclined to give up too easily in trying or unpleasant situations, and the point I would establish with myself, if the choice were again within my grasp, would be never to relinquish my hold on a possible success if mortal strength or brains, in my case were adequate to the occasion. That was a capital lesson which Prof. Faraday taught one of his students in the lecture room after some chemical experiments. The lights had been put out in the hall and by accident some small article dropped on the floor from the professor's hand. The professor lingered behind, endeavoring to pick it up. "Never mind," said the student, "it is of no consequence to-night, sir, whether we find it or not." "That is true," replied the professor; "but it is of grave consequence to me as a principle, that I am not foiled in my *determination* to find it." Perseverance can sometimes equal genius in its results. "There

are only two creatures," says the eastern proverb, "who can surmount the pyramids—the eagle and the snail!"

If I were a boy again I would school myself into a habit of *attention* oftener, I would let nothing come between me and the subject in hand. I would remember that an expert on the ice never tries to skate in two directions at once. One of our great mistakes, while we are young, is that we do not attend strictly to what we are about just then, at that particular moment; we do not bend our energies *close* enough to what we are doing or learning; we wander into a half-interest only and so never acquire fully what is needful for us to become master of. The practice of being habitually attentive is one easily obtained if we begin early enough. I often hear grown-up people say, "I couldn't fix my attention on the sermon, or book, although I wished to do so," and the reason is a habit of attention was never formed in youth. Let me tell you a sad instance of a neglected power of concentration. A friend asked me once to lend him an interesting book, something that would enchain his attention, for he said he was losing the power to read. After a few days he brought back the volume, saying it was no doubt a work of great value and beauty, but that the will to enjoy it had gone from him forever, for other matters would intrude themselves on the page he was trying to understand and enjoy, and rows of figures constantly marshalled themselves on the margin, adding themselves up at the bottom of the leaf!

If I were to live my life over again I would pay more attention to the cultivation of memory. I would strengthen that faculty by every possible means and on every possible occasion. It takes a little hard work at first to remember things accurately, but memory soon helps itself and gives very little trouble. It only needs careful cultivation to become a power. Everybody can acquire it. When I was a youth, a class-mate of mine came to me with a long face and told me that he was in danger of being supplanted in the regard of a young person of the gentler sex by a smart fellow belonging to another school, who was daily in the habit of calling on the lady and repeating to her from memory whole poems of considerable length. "What would you do?" sighed the lad to me. "Do," said I; "I would beat him on his own ground and at once commit to memory the whole of 'Paradise Lost,' book by book, and every time the intruder left Amelia's house, I would rush in and fire away! Depend upon it," I said, "she is quite taken by surprise with the skillful memory of her new acquaintance, and you must beat him with surpassing feats of the same quality." "O, but," said my friend, "I have, as you know, a very poor memory!" "The more reason now for cultivating that department of your intellect," I rejoined. "If you give way to idle repining and do nothing, that fellow will soon be firmly seated in your place. I should not wonder if he were now at work on Thompson's 'Seasons,' for his infamous purpose. Delay no longer, but attack John Milton after supper to-night, and win the prize above all competition!" Ezekiel began in good earnest, and before the Summer was over he had memorized the whole of "Paradise Lost," rehearsed it to Amelia and gained the victory!

If I were a boy again I would know more about the history of my own country than is usual, I am sorry to say, with young Americans. When in England I have always been impressed with the minute and accurate knowledge constantly observable in young English lads of average intelligence and culture concerning the history of Great Britain. They not only have a clear and available store of historical dates at hand for use on any occasion, but they have a wonderfully good idea of the

policy of government adopted by all the prominent statesmen in different eras down to the present time. An acquaintance of mine in England, a boy of fourteen, gave me one day such eloquent and intelligent reasons for his preference to Edmund Burke above all other patriotic statesmen of his time, as made me reflect how little the average American lad of that age would be apt to know of the comparative merits of Webster and Calhoun as men of mark and holding the highest consideration thirty years ago in the United States. If the history of any country is worth an earnest study it is surely the history of our own land, and we cannot begin too early in our lives to master it fully and completely. What a confused notion of distinguished Americans a boy must have to reply as one did not long ago when asked by his teacher, "Who was Washington Irving?" "A general in the Revolutionary war, sir."

If I were a boy again I would strive to become a fearless person. I would cultivate courage as one of the highest achievements of life. "Nothing is so mild and gentle as courage, nothing is so cruel and vindictive as cowardice," says the wise author of a late essay on conduct. Too many of us now-a-days are overcome by fancied lions in the way, lions that never existed out of our own brains. Nothing is so credulous as fear. Some weak-minded horses are forever looking around for white stones to shy at, and if we are hunting for terrors they will be sure to turn up in some shape or other. In America we are too prone to borrow trouble and anticipate evils that may never appear. "The fear of ill exceeds the ill we fear," Abraham Lincoln once said he never crossed Fox river, no matter how high the stream was, *until he came to it!* Danger will arise in any career, but presence of mind will often conquer the worst of them. Be prepared for any fate and there is no harm to be feared. Achilles, you remember, was said to be invulnerable, but he never went into battle without being completely armed!

If I were a boy again I would look on the cheerful side of everything, for everything almost has a cheerful side. Life is very much like a mirror; if you smile upon it, it smiles back again on you, but if you frown and look doubtful upon it, you will be sure to get a similar look in return. I once heard it said of a grumbling, unthankful person, "He would have made an uncommonly fine sour apple, if he had happened to be born in that station of life!" Inner sunshine warms not only the heart of the owner, but all who come in contact with it. Indifference begets indifference. "Who shuts love out in turn shall be shut out from love."

If I were a boy again I would school myself to say *No* oftener. I might write pages on the importance of learning very early in life to gain that point where a young man can stand erect and decline doing an unworthy thing because it is unworthy.

If I were a boy again I would demand of myself more courtesy towards my companions and friends. Indeed I would rigorously exact it of myself towards strangers as well. The smallest courtesies interspersed along the rough roads of life are like the little English sparrows that now sing to us all Winter long, and make that season of ice and snow more endurable to everybody.

Instead of trying so hard as some of us do to be happy, as if that were the sole purpose of life, I would, if I were a boy again, try still harder to deserve happiness.

*Selected.*

THE course of nature is the art of God.

## MY NEW ZEALAND MISSION.

BY ALMA GREENWOOD.

*(Continued from page 222.)*

AS time passed the pleasing results of our labors became more apparent. On December 15th, 1883, having repaired to Te Ore Ore, a considerable number of natives assembled in a large house for the purpose of being instructed minutely in the principles of the gospel which a number of them anticipated receiving. Manihera, Ihaia and myself gave them very pointed instructions and showed the importance of the step they were about to take.

We thereafter wended our way down to a beautiful river, from which to the Maori settlements there was an unbroken line of natives of all ages, sizes and appearances following to witness that which was about to take place. Immediately subsequent to the dedication of the place for the purpose of baptism, sixteen—eight males and eight females—were baptized.

On the day following a meeting was held at which those who had been baptized were confirmed members of the Church. The confirmation was followed by a number of testimonies borne by those who had received the truth.

On the same day another meeting was held for the purpose of organizing the Maoris into a branch at Te Ore Ore. Ihaia Whakamariu was selected and set apart as president of the branch with Toi and Hamaiwaho as first and second counselors. Rangiwhakaina was ordained a teacher, and Ngakuku a deacon. Secretary and treasurer were subsequently appointed, completing the organization of the second branch of the Church among the natives of New Zealand.

We left Masterton on December 19th in company with a number of the Wairarapa Saints to attend a Maori gathering at Tahoraiti about seventy-five miles north of Te Ore Ore. Our mode of traveling was in buggies owned by the Maoris. A few moments' drive brought us to an open plain of small extent. At 3 p. m. we arrived at Mulgrane situated on the edge of the noted seventy mile bush forest. The road we traveled was cut through this dense forest, and was enclosed on both sides by an almost impenetrable wall of foliage varying in height and variety from the soft velvet creeping ferns to the lofty gigantic trees, some of which towered one hundred and fifty feet high.

We arrived the first day at Ekatabuna thirty miles from Masterton. Our expenses were paid at the hotel by the Maoris. Early next morning we drove six miles to Hawera, a Maori settlement. The loud cries of some of our company awakened the slumbering inhabitants of the place, who received us and provided for our wants. Continuing our journey we were met at Woodville by Chief Nagatura's company thus swelling the number of Maoris to twenty-three and the procession to nine buggies. At length in the afternoon of December 20th, we arrived at our destination—Tahoraiti.

As our train approached the large, new building the opening of which occasioned the gathering of the Maoris, there were to be seen standing in front of the house many female Maoris waving their shawls and handkerchiefs and rendering the air with shouts and cries of welcome. Our company met the Maoris in front of the building where the *tangi*, (crying) took place. The spectacle, in connection with the rudely carved and painted front of the house—ninety-seven feet long, thirty-two feet wide and the walls eight feet high—was one

which was emblematic of barbarity in the extreme. Old Nagatura made one of his characteristic speeches which was accompanied by loud shrieks, hideous grimaces and twisting gestures resembling some ferocious animal. On entering the house he walked up and down that long, cavern-shaped edifice keeping up his hideous speech. Occasionally he would raise his voice to a tremendous pitch when all the rest of the Maoris would join in, thus sounding like a thousand demons.

We had not been inside long before we heard yells and singing on the outside. This proved to be a procession of Maoris conveying food of various kinds to us. The Maoris from the Wairarapa, including ourselves, were presented with a ton of flour, bags of potatoes, sacks of sugar, boxes of tea, tobacco, and a large sow. A speech was made on delivering these gifts to Brother Hineckley and myself, and we were asked to make any disposition of them we might deem proper. We told the Maoris to divide the gifts up among themselves which was done. This is an established custom among them.

We remained here a number of days during which time we preached the gospel to hundreds of natives and baptized four into the Church. We returned to the Wairarapa on Christmas day, 1883.

*(To be Continued.)*

## A SLAVE'S DEVOTION.

THE late Judge Chambers, of Maryland, an intimate friend of Daniel Webster, was once traveling in Pennsylvania. It was years before our Civil War, and the judge was accompanied by his "body-servant," who, was very strongly attached to his master.

While staying all night at a hotel in an inland town, the judge took from his pantaloons pocket his pocket-book, containing eleven hundred dollars, and slipped it under the pillow.

The next morning he was called at an early hour, that he might take the first train. Consulting his watch, he found that he must dress in a hurry, or he would be left. His haste caused him to forget his pocket book, and it was not until the cars were conveying him swiftly from the town that he remembered where he had placed it.

When the conductor approached to collect the tickets, the judge searched his pockets, and then he became aware of his loss. He mentioned the circumstances to the conductor, and paid his fare out of other money he had with him.

The conductor gave assurances of the honesty of the attendants of the hotel, and said he would send a telegram to the proprietor from the next station.

The judge observed that he would send back his servant to recover the money, with instructions how to rejoin him.

The conductor was astonished that the master was both willing to trust his servant in a free State, away from his control, and to put into his possession eleven hundred dollars. The judge, however, had no anxiety about his servant, who, from the next station, took the first train back, secured the money, and rejoined his master according to instructions.

At the close of the anecdote, the judge said to me that he would have entrusted to that man's keeping every dollar he was worth, and that, too, without a thought of his abusing the trust.

Some persons in a higher position would not be injured by trying to apply to their own conduct the lesson taught in this narrative.

## U T A H.

WORDS BY S. C. WATSON.

MUSIC BY GEO. CARELESS.

Thy pleasant vales, dear U - tah, How

dear are they to me! Thy homes 'mid trees se - clud - ed Are beautiful to see. Thy dear as - so - ci-

a - tions, are by thy children sought, For they are schools of learning, Where pur - i - ty is taught. *Rit.*

### CHORUS.

Thy pleasant vales, dear U - tah, How dear they are to me! Thy



Thy mountain peaks, dear Utah,  
Are lovely to my sight;  
The beauties of thy canyons  
Are sources of delight;  
Thy fields of grain and pasture  
Rich sustenance doth yield,  
And in thy rocky bosom  
Rich treasures lie concealed.

Thy fruitful lands, dear Utah,  
Where living streams do flow,  
Were not but desolation  
A little while ago;  
Thy solitudes were haunted  
By prowling wolf and bear,  
The deer once roamed at pleasure  
Where now are cities fair.

Though thou wert then so dreary,  
Yet with what joyful tears  
That exile band beheld thee—  
Those noble pioneers!  
With eye of faith they saw thee  
Rise from thy dreamy rest—  
Thy barren lands to verdure,  
Thy homes which God has blest.

They gazed on thee, dear Utah,  
And saw thee from their time,  
The gathering place of nations—  
O, happy lot is thine!  
For thou art consecrated  
God's children to enfold,  
And from thy glorious mountain  
The "little stone" hath rolled.

A FORGETFUL MAN.—The following illustration of the forgetfulness of some men is amusing:

"I say, cap'n," said a little-eyed man, as he landed from the steamer at Natchez, "I say, cap'n, this 'ere ain't all."

"That's all the luggage you brought on board, sir," replied the captain.

"Well, see now, its according to list, four boxes, two chests, two ban-boxes, a portmanteau, two hams, three ropes and a teakettle; but I'm duffersome. I feel there's something short, though I've counted 'em nine times, and never took my eyes off 'em while on board. There's something not right somehow."

"Well, stranger, the time's up; there's all I know of, so bring up your wife and five children out of the cabin, and we're off."

"Them's um, them's um! I knowed I forgot something."

A TEACHER wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts its shell when it has outgrown it, said "What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside, don't you?" "Oh, no!" replied the little one, "we let out the tucks."

It was a little three-year-old who, when a carpenter had been called in to ease the doors, ran into an adjoining room to tell her mother that he was "taking the skin off the doors."

## CHARADE.

BY B. H. ALLRED, JR.

Twice three of us are ten of us,  
And ten of us are three,  
And eleven of us are six of us,  
What think you we can be?  
But if with this you're not content,  
And still would seek for more,  
Why eight of us are five of us,  
And nine of us are four.

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